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— Stephan Showstark

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BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

REGISTER

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BLACKOUT

Leonard Eskowitz '67



THE FOOL, the damn fool, standing in the open during an enemy attack! So scared he can't move. And the ignorant ass would have to pick my foxhole to stand before; he'll draw the enemy as honey draws flies.

"HIT THE DIRT, damn you! Want to get me killed along with yourself? Duck!"

He doesn't move. He doesn't even give an indication of having heard me. And the fighting is audibly closer. The lucky fool hasn't been seen, yet. When the enemy does see him, they can't miss seeing my trench; even if they don't see me, they can easily hit me with any grenade thrown at that fool. Too late for me to switch trenches; I'll probably be seen if I do. I should leave the fool to his fate, but I have to save him to save myself. Still, I can let him stand there and hope I'm not seen or hit by fire meant for that fool. Leave him or . . .

I don't remember making a decision; I only remember lifting myself partially out of the trench. Me, John Terne, risking my life for a fool!

I have him by the ankle; the ungrateful fool resists! He breaks loose and starts to run into the enemy fire as a horse, rescued from a fire, tries to run back into the burning barn. Then the concussion of a nearby explosion throws me down into the trench and him after me.

In the final fleeting seconds of consciousness, I remember the incident the winter before; the image of a young soldier, Eiller, pointing an accusing finger at me came to mind. I remember listening mutely, defenselessly, to his accusations; now I could justify my actions. If only he could hear me . . .

Eiller, Eiller, I was right. Look Eiller, I helped the fool and where did it get me? You can't help anyone in this war without getting yourself hurt, killed. Eiller, Eiller, can't you see that? Can't you understand?

Then blackness descended leaving the subconscious to ponder the occurrences of that winter.

Winter. A long convoy of trucks, tanks, and jeeps moved haltingly over the snow-covered road; infantry, accompanying the convoy, trudged alongside. I tramped through the snow with the others.

A soldier dogged along the side of the road trying to overtake me. I glanced back and, seeing it was Eiller, the new recruit, I quickened my pace; I knew what he was after. If I let him, he would ask me for the hundredth time why I let Moe Wood be killed. No, this time he wouldn't pester me! I wouldn't let him. I didn't want to be reminded of Wood or of the sergeant who'd called me a coward before the entire division. I speeded up until I couldn't go any faster without obviously running from him. He slipped in the snow but still managed to get within hailing distance.

"Terne," he called, "You let Moe Wood die, didn't you? Why did you let him

die? You could have saved him. He was a good Joe; he didn't want to, didn't have to die. Why did you let him die? Why did you . . ."

". . . let him die?" Yeah, I let him die. Sure I let him die. I wanted to scream, "So what?" What of it? He got himself into an ambush; it was his job to get out by himself. Why should I have risked my life for him? You say that war is hell. You say that we gotta help each other to survive. I've news for you, Bud; that's been said a thousand times before and all it does is get two men killed instead of one. Hell is a private place, Bud; I'll take care of myself and myself only and I expect no one to watch over me. So if I go to hell, I'll go by myself and know I got there by myself. I'll be seeing you, Bud; they're attacking now and you'll be at the front with the other heroes. Better hurry. So I'll see you, sap, if you survive, I thought, and then thumbed a ride with a jeep in the convoy, thus leaving Eiller behind without ever actually saying anything to him, without even having to face him.

Gunfire and the dull thud of heavy caliber artillery bombardment. Faint, the noise is in the distance, not in my head; I'm conscious.

Standing up, I look over the side of the trench at the countryside, now deathly quiet. It is late; the dust and dusk hide the land's wounds, but I can see that neither the enemy nor my division is nearby; only the dead litter the land.

Noticing that the landscape seems grotesque, Martian, RED, I realize there is blood in my eyes; my forehead is bleeding profusely. Also, my head is throbbing fiercely. I lift my arm to wipe my eyes and a burning pain shoots through my shoulder; I slump to my knees. Then I notice the fool.

He's lying in the trench several feet away spread-eagled on his back, his mouth partially open, and an inane grin on his face; although he's still unconscious, he doesn't appear to be bleeding. Bleeding or not, I should help him . . .

My vision flickers; my head throbs as if it were going to split. I look at the fool; my vision clouds. Leave him, leave him, my mind seems to shout. Leave the fool; look at what he got you into already.

LEAVE HIM! You were right about

helping him before; he got you wounded. You acted against your better judgment before. Help him again and he'll get you killed. Are you going to try your luck again? You won't get another chance this time; he'll get you killed. He'll get you killed. He'll get . . .

Pain. My head throbbing again, more; I crawl towards the damn fool; go, crawl past him. LEAVE HIM! Pain, pain, my head pounds again and again; a dull roar, a thunder peals through my head again and again, yet louder. The earth seems to shake; fire, artillery fire? Crawl, go, leave the damn fool before you get killed. Crawl; leave him! LEAVE HIM! My head throbs and my vision clouds; blackness descends.

At the camp. Before all the men, even Eiller, the sergeant picks him, the youngest, greenest in the division, to humiliate me before.

"Terne, you're a coward; you let a man die! COWARD, COWARD, you let a man die! Why? Because you're a coward! Look at him, Eiller."

"Sergeant?"

"Look at the damn coward. You saw him leave Wood to die, didn't you, Eiller? You know why he ran? Because he's a coward. He's a coward. No other reason; HE'S A COWARD. HE'S A . . ."

A FOOL, that's what I am; a fool for helping a fool. I had regained consciousness and crawled over to the fool; now I was trying to revive him. Wake up, damn you. I pour some water on his face. Wasting water on him! "Wake up, damn you!" I slap his face several times. Finally the fool stirs.

And what are the fool's first words?

"Your forehead and arm are bleeding."

"Don't you think I know that? And helping you isn't going to help stop the bleeding either."

"Sorry, I guess I should thank you . . ."

"You sure should."

"I really mean it; other men would have let me die."

"Okay, okay."

There is a pause, a silence broken only by the sound of gunfire in the distance. I stare at the fool. My head throbs. Pain. I think about what he has just said. A streak of fire shoots across my eyes. Pain, PAIN; I begin to lose consciousness again.

Again there appears the image of the sergeant accusing me while Eiller just watches.

"Just look at him, Eiller, and pray you never get like him. All he ever thinks about is himself. Isn't that so, Terne? If he were ever trapped and you saved him, he'd scream at you for not getting to him quick enough before he'd thank you. Don't bother with him, Eiller; he isn't worth your time. He's a coward; he doesn't give a damn about you."

I regain consciousness long enough to hear a commotion near the trench. There's gunfire, shouting. A shell explodes; a hail of stones, dust, earth, metal, and shreds of wood pelts me. Then I see the fool.

The fool is crawling, climbing up the sloped side of the trench; he stretches, reaches for his rifle on the lip of the trench.

There's a clatter; bullets spit into the dust between his fingers and the rifle. The fire buzzes around him like a cloud of angry bees, but the lucky fool isn't hit! The fool is pinned down by a sniper on the lip opposite him. The sniper either doesn't see me or thinks I'm dead; the fool, however, sees that I'm conscious. He stares at me, then calls me! He'll get me killed yet!

"Help me!"

Suddenly I'm dizzy; the faces of Eiller and Wood appear superimposed over the fool's.

The fool calls again, "Help me!"

My head starts to throb again; my vision flickers. Blackness.

"Help me! Help . . ."

". . . me! Help me!"

"I'm trying to reach you, Eiller. I'm coming!"

A burst of fire, an explosion. I mow down three enemies in reaching him. "I'm here, Eiller; I couldn't reach you quicker . . ."

"You don't give a damn . . ."

"Eiller, Eiller," I shake him, "Listen to me; I tried, I tried, I tried . . ."

"You'll be all right. Take it easy."

I had come to again; I sensed the surroundings were different. I blinked; my vision cleared. An orderly! I'm saved!

"The enemy, what happened?"

"Shot."

"The other fellow in the trench with me?"

"Dead; died just before you regained consciousness. He told me that something you said in your delirium distracted the sniper long enough for him to kill the sniper. He could have left then and saved himself but he stayed and was killed protecting you during another attack."

Poesy on Prosy Poesy

What do they mean —

These modern poems,

We find in

Slender little tomes?

They speak of nothing:

Red and green.

I ask again

What do they mean?

John J. J. Philbrook, '66

The Last Day of Salty O'Hara

*"Now they're bringin' Salty's Missus in;
Her name is Donna; she's small and thin.
She's getting old but she's still quite fair —
Lord, she and Salty made quite a pair!
My God Jocko, look how she's cryin'!"
Louie, the corner grocer said. —
Salty O'Hara, you see, is dead.*

South Boston and Charlestown abound in small funeral-parlors like this one. The poor of these towns have always preferred these small parlors because they can make a small wake look so big. In this room, a small, gray-haired Irishman named Salty O'Hara is lying. He died last night of a heart attack. It was a small event; he will not be missed by many. He was not famous or highly regarded; he lost the "Game of Life." But is this true? Did Salty really lose this "Game" simply because the whole world did not mourn his death? "Who knows?" you answer. "God is the only one who can take the measure of a man." But Salty's only gods are you and I, the reader and the poet. We alone can measure him; we alone can damn him or exalt him. Did Salty really lose the "Game of Life"? Let us find out.

*"She wouldn't have him at first, y'know,
'Cause he was always on the go,
Runnin' around; and he never had time for home."
"Shut up, Louie," Jocko said.
"Can't you see the man is dead?"
"Ah, y'know she took him in the end
And loved him ever since."
"Yeah, I never seen a pair like them,
Lovin' each other so.
When she was sick, he ran a mile
In the rain for the doc.
By the time he got home, he was sicker
Than she was, but he stayed up all night
Cookin' broth for her.
When I looked in the next mornin', though,
I found him half dead and spittin' blood,
Watchin' over her. That's what killed him."
"Yeah, he was pretty spry before that . . .
But he could be awful lazy too.
Remember that time down the Yard
When —?"
"Shut up you booby," Jocko said.
As the subway rattled overhead.*

EX-CON DEAD!

*The obituary said
In its letters of lead.
Salty was dead.
"Poor woman," Mrs. Jocko said
As she looked at Donna.
"Salty never could get a job.
He got mixed up with Joe Leary's mob.
They hauled him off to jail one day,
And when he got out they took his license away.
And what good's a truck driver
Without a license?"
"That's right," Mrs. Louie said.
"He never was no good.
She had to earn all the money
And he sat home like a pile of wood
Drinking beer.
At least my Louie works."
"She's had a rough time all right,"
Mrs. Jocko said.
"Maybe it's better the old bum's
Dead."
"How's she taking it?"
"Pretty badly. We ought to
Get her out of here,"
The young O'Hara's said;
But Salty was dead.*

*Donna's mind was a cool blank,
Occasionally broken by a glimpse of
A smiling face, a warm, strong
Kiss . . .
Occasionally broken by the smell of
Beer on a man's breath,
By the smell of cabbage . . .
And sweat . . .
Occasionally broken by a phrase
From one of Salty's infrequent letters
From prison . . .
Always broken by something good;
Never broken by anything bad . . .*

*All the next day,
As they wheeled Salty into the church,
As they said the Mass,
As they buried him,
She stood calm, lovingly calm.
She returned to the church after
The burial to prepare for the journey
That she knew was coming.
To prepare to join her husband in heaven.
(She was sure that Salty was in heaven.)
She would join her husband there in heaven.*

Perhaps the measure of the man is his
wife's love divided by his neighbors' opinions;
the limitless divided by the narrowest.

Paul Jarvie '67

HIS BRIGHT red hair scattered wildly in the brisk wind as James Blond ran down the street after it. Having retrieved it from the tip of a dalmatian's swinging tail, he put it back in its rightful place, regained his composure, and then walked casually into a small novelty shop.

He busied himself with comic books until two customers had left, one with a box of holes and the other with a box of bags, before he stepped up to the small, wily-looking clerk behind the counter.

"Yes, sir, what can I do for you, sir?" crackled the clerk with a broad, black smile that seemed to be missing something.

Blond turned his head to the left and then to the right before he whispered:

"Blond 36-21-36."

"I'm sorry, sir, but we don't carry that kind of merchandise, sir," replied the clerk, adding with a snicker, "Wish we did, though, sir."

Blond began to wonder whether he had made another mistake. He reached for a little piece of paper in his left pocket . . . no, his right pocket . . . his coat pocket? . . . no . . . his shirt pocket! . . . Ah, there it was! . . . took it out and looked at it.

"Sorry! Wrong number!" he explained to the bewildered clerk as he rushed out of the novelty shop and across the street to a barber shop.

"Gee, a haircut, mister?" asked the bald barber all-in-the-line-of-business-like.

"No," answered the even balder Blond.

"Shave, mister?" asked the barber who must have been at least five and a half feet tall.

"No!" grumbled Blond who must have been at least five feet high.

"Manicure?"

"No!!!"

"Hey mister, I'm a patient fellow, and I hate to shock people like this, but I'm simply not Houdini!! Suppose you tell me what you want. At least give me a hint."

Blond whispered inaudibly:

"Blond 36-21-36."

"What'd you say, mister?"

"Blond 36-21-36," rewhispered Blond inaudibly.

The Confused Agent: or How to Read A Story and Become Totally Confused

"Hey, mister, brace yourself for another shock! I'm not Dumbo with the big ears either!!! WHAT DO YOU WANT!!!"

"Blond!! 36-21-36!!!!!!" shouted Blond.

"WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO!!!" roared the barber who then walked to the far end of the small shop and turned a picture of a red ball upside down. Immediately, an obscure picture of a Russian samovar jutted out from behind the red ball. The barber slammed his fist against the spout. A loud whirring sound instantly filled the room. The barber chairs swirled and twirled around rapidly; the door to the shop slapped shut and was automatically bolted. Then the entire backwall of the shop slid open revealing a long, white corridor.

"Hey, Mr. Spy, while you're up there, tell the Chief that he's a little behind in the rent! And tell him that I'd appreciate it to the point of complete disbelief if he'd pay up! People are getting balder every day! I'm losing money fast! Besides, I've had several offers from the opposition lately. Ask him if he'd like it if I rented to the opposition!"

"I'll do that, sir" said Blond taking his first unguarded step into the passageway. When he had picked himself up from the floor, he turned to check that the wall was back in place. It was, so he started down the corridor.

Skipping on his merry way and whistling **We're Off to See the Wizard**, he turned left when he should have turned right. As a result, he waltzed right into a wall. Having recovered from the nose-bleed, he made his way in the other, the proper direction.

Without accident he reached a flight of ascending or descending stairs. Seeing nowhere to which he might descend, he decided to go up.

At the top of the stairs was a door upon which a sign read:

"HUMPTY DUMPTY TOY COMPANY:
NO UNAUTHORIZED PERSONNEL
ALLOWED."

"Merely a front," said Blond. "All I have to do is open the door and there will be Home Sweet Home."

Unless he happened to live in a combination barnyard-pigpen, the picture that greeted him was anything but Home Sweet Home. In what must have once been an office all sorts of fowl and swine were roaming. Chickens were fluttering over the furniture. Hens were laying eggs in the ashtrays. A couple of pigs were oinking what must have been the pig distress signal.

In the middle of Animal Farm sat the Chief's loyal and private secretary, Miss Hortense Moneyplenty, wrapped in a full-length mink. She tried to keep the animal quiet, but the little rascal simply refused. It was squeaking and screeching. The tall, frail, homely Miss Moneyplenty was practically wrestling with the varmint.

Above the crackling, the oinking, the squeaking and the screeching, Blond managed to ask:

"The Chief wants to see me?"

"Yes, James! Go right in!" struggled Miss Moneyplenty, a little embarrassed at letting the man she adored see her in her present predicament.

Her drooling eyes followed him as he stumbled across the room and into the serenity of the Chief's office. A sharp bite from the mink brought her back to reality and her skirmish continued.

The Chief's soundproof office looked dingy. Everything about it was dingy . . . even the heavy, dark-set man who sat behind the sign which dedicated itself to him as "CHIEF" looked dingy.

"Good-morning, dingy . . . I mean, sir!" greeted Blond staring into his superior's face which was about as cheerful and bright as the glow from a dead flashlight in a subterranean coal mine at midnight during a blackout.

"Blond! Shut that door!"

Blond did so.

"Blond! Come over here!"

Blond did so.

"Blond! Sit down!"

Blond did so.

"Have a cigar, son," offered the Chief in a sudden change to sweetness.

Blond was immediately suspicious.

"No, thank you, sir."

"Just as you say, son." And here the Chief smiled. Now Blond knew that there was something rotten in the state of Denmark!

The Chief continued:

"Jimmy, my boy, have I ever been mean to you?"

"Shall I speak the truth, sir?"

"Of course," replied the Chief with a look that suggested Blond had better not.

"No sir," shivered Blond.

"Have I ever been an unfair man?"

"No sir."

"Have I ever wished harm upon you?"

"Not that I know of, sir."

"Then you won't mind going on a final . . . I mean, another mission?"

"What! But, sir, I just finished one!"

"Really? Which case was that?"

"You remember . . . Dr. Maybe."



— Curtis Nethersey

"Yes, Blond, I remember . . . but you can hardly call that a mission."

"But look at all the planning it took!"

"What do you mean 'look at all the planning it took!' All you had to do was wire a candy store. You had the help of three of our top electricians!"

"But, sir, consider the results."

"Big thrill! Blond, it was nothing to write mother home about! All you did was manage to capture an elderly candy salesman who was peddling plastic ammonia and stink bombs on the side!"

"Gee, and I already sent the letter!"

"What letter?"

"The one to my mother."

"Ohhh!"

"Well, sir, what about Bullslinger? I took care of him, didn't I?"

Three men came rushing into the room. After punching in at a nearby time clock, they lined up in front of Snorb. One, Raymond Silverkite, was tall, with a large, bushy head. He was slim. The next, Orgy Creeps, was short, with a small, pleasant head. He was slim. The last, Boris Thump, was short, with a large, bald head. He was fat.

"See, Snorb, it's really us!! Want to pinch!!?"

"I'm sorry," wept Snorb.

Raymond went through the motions of wringing Snorb's neck, but since he couldn't reach Snorb's neck, he let it pass.

"I'll tell the Head you're here," said Snorb as he straddled away.

The three agents sat in convenient places throughout the room.

"What are we going to tell the Head, Raymond?" asked Orgy nervously.

"Well, you're not going to tell him anything, squirt! No! We need someone who knows the Head, who can manipulate his feelings . . . his reactions . . . a man who is forceful . . . honest . . . unabashed . . . So, get ready, Boris!"

"Yes," said Boris.

"VHAT!!!" realized Boris. "You vant that I should tell heem?"

"Why not? You're the obvious one! He won't get as angry with you as he would with us."

"Vhy not?"

"Because you're new . . . he's never had to give you another chance before . . . like us."

"This is your second chance?"

"Our fifth," contributed Orgy.

"But . . ."

"Boris, there's really nothing to be afraid of . . . just tell him everything that happened in a nice, simple, calm way."

"Yes, tell him calmly," contributed Orgy.

"VHAT!!" shouted Boris who got up and paced wildly about the room. "You vant that I should tell heem that ve goofed up a million dollar job! That ve lost all ze equipment! That ve got the car all smashed up! . . . and that ve had the humiliation of vatching vhide our flag vas dumped into red, white and blue paint! You vant that I should tell heem all this CALMLY!! Vhy, I can't even tell YOU calmly!!!"

"I suggest you leave out the part about the flag," suggested Raymond.

"That vill help a big bunch, I AM sure!"

At this point the Head appeared . . . a large, burly, bulky man wearing a polka dot patch over his right eye. He looked as fierce as a bull.

"Gentlemen, good day!" he greeted in a stentorian voice.

"Good day, sir," said Raymond.

"Sit, everybody. Men, I have some excellent news for you after I hear about the success of your mission."

"Couldn't you kind of give us the news first, sir?"

"Why, of course! I'd be glad to! I doubt if I could have held it secret that long anyway! Gentlemen, by means of our new super-duper-room-snooper, we have learned that our opponents have sent a man named James Blond to destroy our facilities."

"That's horrible, sir! You better let us go and stop him!"

"Ha!! Ha!! That won't be necessary, gentlemen, because in approximately fifteen minutes, Mr. James Blond will be having a small rendezvous with one of our special agents!! Ha!! Ha!!"

The three agents laughed until:

"Now, gentlemen, about the success of your mission. Boris, what have you to say?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Why not?"

"Quite frankly, sir, ve have nothing to report about the success of our mission because our mission vas not a success."

"What!!!"

"Vell, not quite a complete success."

"But, Boris, you did get the money, eh?"

"Vell . . ."

"Go ahead, tell me about it."

"Vell, ve got to the bank all right. Ve got inside the bank all right.. Ve knocked the vatchman out all right. Ve got to the vault all right. Ve got passed the specially-charged gates all right!! Ve discovered the combination all right!!"

"Wonderful! Wonderful!! Go on!!!"

"Ve opened the door to the safe all right!!!"

"Yes!!!"

"Ve got inside the safe all right!!!"

By this time the Head was on top of the desk.

"Ve even got the money into the bags all right!!!!!"

"Wait a minute!" pleaded the Head. He opened a drawer, took out a bottle and partook.

"Ahhh! The realization of a perfect plan!! Months of preparation! Ingenious!! Go on!!!"

"So, how were we supposed to know that someone would close the door behind us?"

III

"But, officer, I wasn't speeding," pleaded Blond.

"I know you weren't, mister. You were going too slow! And that's just as dangerous! I'm going to give you a ticket!"

"But we're on a dirt road?!"

"Oh, prejudiced, eh, mister?"

"Listen here, officer, I'm a special agent."

"I wouldn't care if you were James Bond!!!"

"I'm also a citizen! I pay your salary!"

"Then how about a raise?"

"Ain't you quaint!"

Having handed Blond the ticket, the officer sped away.

Blond, a bit frustrated, not so much by the ticket as by the fact that he was getting nowhere remarkably fast in his search for S.C.R.A.M. Headquarters, drove his Ashen-Martin off the dirt road and onto the highway.

After a while, still on the highway, he noticed that he was being followed!

Just behind him he could distinguish the form of what looked like a little old lady on a bicycle, peddling towards him at top speed. She soon passed him and yelled:

"Pull over!"

Blond pulled over to the side of the highway.

"What can I do for you?" asked Blond.

"Ya can buy an apple," replied the old hag. She brought forth a big, red apple and handed it to him.

It seemed to Blond that he remembered a story about a beautiful, young princess who had bought an apple off an old woman and had been poisoned. . . . But I'm not a beautiful, young princess . . .

"How much?" he asked.

"Uhh . . . five cents . . .," replied the woman who, with her dry, stringy hair, her deep green complexion and wrinkled face looked like something straight from **Macbeth**.

"I'm afraid I don't have a nickel," said Blond searching through his pockets.

"Never mind the nickel. Your credit's good with me. I'll lend you the nickel. Just eat the apple, will ya?"

"Certainly," replied Blond graciously, taking a big bite.

IV

When he had regained consciousness, Blond found himself strapped to a table. Hovering over him were the faces of the HEAD and the old woman.

"Welcome, Mr. Blond. I'm the HEAD of S.C.R.A.M."

"Hello," greeted Blond.

"Oh, I'm having fun today, Mr. Blond. Why, just this morning I had to dispose of three of my very own men. The bungling idiots! Well, guess whose turn it is to be disposed of by me?"

"Santa Claus?"

"No."

"Shirley Temple?"

"No."

"Mona Lisa?"

"No."

"Hilde Gueden?"

"No."

"James Blond?"

"How very true!"

"You really don't have to go to all that trouble."

"No trouble at all, Mr. Blond. In fact, I'm going to enjoy it. In fact, Mr. Blond, I've devised a new, extra-special way to kill you."

"How interesting." (Don't laugh, Blond was really interested.)

"Yes, let me tell you how it works."

The HEAD then went to the side of Blond's table and pressed a red button. Immediately, Blond was raised into the air. Slowly the table turned upside down. Blond was now facing the floor from a height of ten feet.

"How's the view, Mr. Blond?"

"I'm a bit dizzy."

"Ha! Well, Mr. Blond, in approximately one minute you will start to descend towards the floor. It will be a very slow process. It will take you the better part of an hour to reach the floor. That will give you an idea as to how slowly you will travel."

"Won't the floor get a little messy?"

"What? Oh, the floor!! Ha! Ha! Mr. Blond, surely you don't think that I'm going to crush you to death? Ha! How simply vulgar!"

"Well, the thought had crossed my mind."

The HEAD pushed an orange button. A portion of the floor just beneath Blond opened. Blond could see a bubbling pool of some rather hot substance. It was red in color.

"I take it that that isn't going to be good for my health," observed Blond.

"Not at all good, Mr. Blond. All in all, a rather pleasant end, I should say. I prepared the acid for you especially. Well, au revoir."

With that, the HEAD pressed a pink button. Blond began to approach the acid very, very slowly.

The HEAD and the old woman left the room.

The sweat broke out all over Blond's face. He tried to whistle, but somehow it seemed inappropriate.

V

About thirty minutes later and five feet closer to the acid, Blond distinguished two voices outside the room.

"What is it, Snorb?"

"Sir, I'm lonely."

"Lonely?"

"Yes, sir. I'm sick and tired of sitting under here every single day doing nothing but opening and closing doors. I must look like a complete boor!"

"What! Snorb, you're not going to ask me if you can become an agent again, are you?"

"Yes, sir. After all, now that Boris, Raymond and Orgy are gone, you'll need some more agents, and I am so lonely. I want to be an agent."

"I'm sorry, Snorb, but you're just not qualified! Maybe later. For now, go in and check on our guest."

The HEAD walked away and Snorb walked in.

The prospect of demise does strange things to a man's mind and Blond's was no exception . . . for once he had an idea.

"Hello, Snorb, how are you?"

"How do you know who I am?"

"Why, back at headquarters we make it a point to know about the opposition's best agents."

"But I'm not an agent."

"What! Are you sure!?"

"I'm positive."

"Boy, what an agent you'd make! Wish we had someone like you on our side. Boy, would we gobble him up!"

"REALLY?! Do you think they'd let me be an agent where you come from?"

"Of course!! You'd be the greatest thing since Charlie Chan!"

"Really! Good! I accept!"

"Well, get me off here and I'll take you to my leader."

"But I can't do that. It's against regulations. Perhaps you could write a note."

"No, I'd have to take you there personally."

"I'm sorry."

"It's too bad. What an exciting career you'd have . . . attention . . . action . . . praise . . ."

"Really?"

"Really!"

"And truly?"

"With sugar on it."

"I hate sugar!"

"All right, then. Plain."

"Cross your heart and hope to die?"

"Well . . . all right."

Snorb, determined to enter upon a career in espionage, relented. He walked to the buttons. At first he pushed the wrong one because all of a sudden Blond started rushing towards the acid at a far greater speed.

"Wrong button, Snorb!" yelled Blond.

VI

"Too bad, Snorb, but it had to be done," said Blond.

Suddenly, a deafening, pounding eruption was heard as tons of very wet H₂O burst loose and buried S.C.R.A.M. Headquarters.

"Let's go, Blond. You promised me an agency!"

VII

"Miss Moneyplenty!" roared the Chief.

"Yes, Chief!" came Miss Moneyplenty as she scrambled into the office.

"Get me a glass of water."

"I'm afraid I can't possibly do that, sir."

"Why not?"

"Well, the faucets aren't working. There must be something wrong along the pipelines."

"Great!"

"By the way, sir, Mr. Blond is waiting to see you."

"36-21-36?"

"Yes sir."

"Blond?"

"Yes, sir."

"JAMES Blond?"

"Yes, sir."

"Impossible!!"

"Here I am, sir," said Blond standing in the doorway.

"Blond! When are you going to start that assignment!"

"Tut, tut, sir, I've already finished it. S.C.R.A.M. Headquarters is no more!"

"Are you delirious?!"

"Sir, I'm serious."

"It seems so incredible! Any hostages?"

"Unfortunately not, sir. But I did promise one of them you'd give him a job."

"What!!!"

"A job, sir."

"Miss Moneyplenty, what in blazes is he talking about!!!"

"I don't know, sir," said Miss Moneyplenty.

"Agent 36-21-36, do you mean to stand there and tell me that you didn't take any hostages but that you did offer one of them a job!"

"Exactly, sir."

At this point Blond thought it fit to bring Snorb into the office. So, Snorb was brought in, explained, and granted an agency.

"Me now agent!" he proudly proclaimed.

"Blond, this is incredible, ridiculous, unfathomable, impossible, foolhardy, absurd, ludicrous, but WELL DONE, BLOND!"

The Clouds And The Cynic

*Stately clouds of white on blue,
Drift aloft one day.
Heads are raised and thoughts are stirred:
"What do these clouds display?"*

"It seems to me I see

— A sleek galleon sail."

— A proud steed prance."

— A strong cannon roar."

— A cat and dog dance."

— A weeping willow wail."

— A bent beggar beg."

— A dragon breathe fire."

— A fluffy sheep shed."

*Then the Cynic, with mien of scorn,
Directing sneers,
Ignores the sky and its wafty spheres.
While cleaning his pipe of ashes and dust,
He glares at the upturned heads with pure disgust.*

*Turning to all the utter fools,
He says in an indifferent drawl:
"It's just a dreary cloud you see;
It's just a cloud, that's all."*

John George Tsoumas, '67

RETURN

Scott Holmberg '67

AT FIRST SIGHT, the body was like any other corpse. It lay with its back against the dirt banking of the trench and would have looked more asleep than dead, if not for the telltale redness on the ground. The earth thundered, but the body was oblivious. However, as the young private quickly withdrew again into the protection of the hole while bullets ricocheted next to his helmet, he could hear a hoarse, barely audible chuckle. He turned his head to make a second, closer inspection of the body and found his stare returned by a pair of eyes, heavily lidded with death.

"In a hurry, boy?"

"Huh?" The young soldier was amazed that the other man's parched lips could give forth even a cackle.

"You come stumblin' in here, here where it's safe and you just try to get outside again and be shot like a dog, bleeding, and . . ." the soft voice trailed off. It was a smooth, velvety voice, comforting and not at all like the sounds Pvt. Towers was accustomed to hear on a battlefield. In fact, it was the sort of soothing tone that should have belonged to a mother, not a hoary soldier.

"Because . . . duty. Besides, I've got no time for that now. Gotta make that ridge." But as he started out again, he could feel a gentle tugging at his sleeve.

"Do you know who I am?"

The youthful soldier sunk back from the lip of the trench and relaxed his tense form.

"Maybe Winston Churchill? Look, I'm sorry, but I've got to make that hill. Just take it easy. If I see a medic, I'll send him over."

But the quiet voice held back the private, who was now less anxious to leave the pit's muddy comfort. He paused to give his attention to a dying soldier who wanted to say something.

"I'm a statistic. This bloody war is a statistic. We have no face, only number. I am number so and so casualty. I'm not human. This war started . . . 1939, a number. Not human. We have no blood

according to history books, just guns. But . . . is this smeared on the dirt a gun? No face. Just none . . ."

The voice faltered. The monotonously recited speech came to an end. A one man audience watched as a tear glistened in the dirty corner of the old soldier's eye. Then the ragged figure leaned forward. The private remained silently crouching in the hollow for a long moment with eyes fixed on the now dead form. As if in a moment of reverence, he let his head drop, stupidly wondering when he'd ever hear such a gentle voice again. But the whine and impact of a shell exploding next to the trench shook him into realization of the hellish confusion outside. He gripped his steel friend a bit harder and made his break from the trench.

* * * * *

A fork lazily swished in a can of half-eaten beans. It then took a few in its prongs and lifted them to a mouth which very slowly ground them down. Pvt. Towers was leaning against a scorched tree trunk, a testament to the day's battle. The cool, merciful night had rushed in to wash away the heat of combat and to hide the destruction of war. In the distance, occasional sniper fire crackled through the silence. A peaceful night.

The beans were insipid. Teeth mechanically crushed their tastelessness into a meal. The private was satisfied; he had some food and, even more precious, some peace. A crunch from behind warned him of someone's approach, but the private did not bother to look over his shoulder. If by some ill chance it was an enemy, Pvt. Towers didn't mind dying — he was content. A comrade named Runzler came up to his side. No words, but a nod of recognition, was their greeting as the newcomer sat down on the burnt ground next to the munching soldier. As if by mutual agreement, no words were exchanged until the scanty meal was entirely finished.

"Towers."

Silence.

"Just thought you'd be interested in

hearin' some news. . . . They've been findin' the bodies. We got a lot of them; they got almost the same number of us. You know, Cadis and Tanner got it sure. Found 'em together in a gully. Lot missin' or wounded. Reckon nine or so wounded. Thought you'd be interested."

Again silence.

For a long time, Pvt. Towers continued to toss the empty bean can lightly into the air and catch it. Then he stopped, as if struck with a thought, and flung the can deep into the night's gloom. A moment later the can clattered on some rocks in the distance. The racket appeared to please the private; a hint of a smile showed for a moment on his grim countenance. For the first time since their greeting, the young soldier looked at his friend.

"Runzler, what'd we talk about last night and the night before and Wednesday night and all those nights before them?"

"I don't catch."

"I mean . . . death, war, destruction. I mean . . ." he hesitated.

Stillness again prevailed for a few seconds.

"Runzler, I saw this guy out on the field today. I couldn't understand what he was sayin' before he died; but in a way, I did understand. Like . . . don't we count? I mean, how long has it been since we were human beings? Since we felt anything . . ."

"Oh, *that*. Listen, I've been here a bit longer than you. We all get like that sometimes. We miss the life we once had. It's natural. But we're in this damned war and, well, we kinda just have to look out for ourselves. All that matters now is this war. Can you understand?"

"I don't know."

The young private seemed to think for several moments more before he again punctured the silence.

"You know, I feel now as I did when I first got in this war."

"You mean scared?"

"No, something different. Like lost or . . . or realizing for the first time that I was no longer important to anybody but me, that I could live no longer with feelings about anything."

"You'll get over it."

"I don't see how." He suddenly rose

and blundered away, blindly groping his way, brushing through a small grove, his feet pounding faster and faster. He had to be alone. Alone. Alone. He broke into an open field. His boots thudded faster. Away from the mess. He had to get away, as far as possible. Just away. Grass swished by the running body. His boots beat an ever quickening rhythm. And then finally, out of breath, the exhausted form sunk into the cushioning tallness of some grass. Why, why after so long had he looked and seen the gore and filth that comprised his existence? What had started this feeling? It hadn't completely been the old soldier's unintelligible speech about no face, no feeling. It had been his voice. Yes, the man's voice, soothing, quietly reminding him of something he had left a long time ago, **something long lost**. Perhaps that "something" was his former way of life — the feeling of youth. He groaned softly and bent his head to the ground. There was still pounding in his breast, but eventually it died out and his body and soul regained a sense of tranquillity.

His frame was now relaxed and on its back, while he gazed at the pinpoints of light punctuating the evening sky. Reflections flickered across his mind. He remembered the young man he had once seen in the mirror; he could distinctly recall a natty blue blazer, well-groomed hair, and a smile he could so readily flash. His scarred hands twisted the grass around his bony fingers. He remembered a square, red brick high school, Mr. Fine, his history teacher, friends. He sat alone in the black, engulfing night. He also remembered a night, so much like this one, an eternity of two years ago. It had been after a dance, and he was strolling home. Contented and peaceful, he had looked at the stars which seemed to direct his feet along the cement sidewalk. They had been . . . warm, directing.

But now, now they were cold and distant. Had the stars changed?

He slowly sat up and realized that his sergeant would probably think he had deserted. But before he walked back, he took a last glimpse at the stars. And for no reason at all, their precise light became blurred and watery, while the guns of snipers sounded in his ears.

*Now is the time when servants speak
in masters' tones which love expediency,
when truth is brownness, in one's way
on stained streets of indifference,
when scale and slippery flesh
are moistened alike with tidal suddenness
and pure sea-mist of brackish
depths of blue-black silence
of the faceless mindlessness
that is the hidden source
of day, mind, and twilight,
and the sieve of loneliness and insanity.*

*Eagles soar the skies above,
the empty, cloudless sky above,
with woven veil of uncaring
disfigurement, covering once-proud features.*

Impressions

Gaetano T. Tedeschi '66

*Pebble eyes of rough-hewn faces
hurl curses from behind-stacked
fences of insensitive bone
and fruitless marrow of the nation,
statistics on an unemployment sheet
handled by ten thousand workers
in a modern government office,
defame and howl; condemning,
not listening, they must destroy
the foreign objects which
disturb one's sensibilities,
which upset one's equilibrium,
with which one does not know
how to cope save beat, maim . . . kill.*

*Eagles soar the skies above,
the empty, cloudless sky above,
with woven veil of uncaring
disfigurement, covering once-proud features.*

*When white becomes grey-tinged,
imperceptibly, murky with stain
of soiled hand and blood of
restless youth, the tool
of men whose names are great,
buildings crumble, cities level,
nations plummet into nothingness,
return to cave and club of
streamlined soullessness . . . brave new world . . .
and men whose names would
proclaim their greatness
soon become curses on the lips
of Georgians half-worlds apart.*



THE FIRE

Paul A. Jarvie '67

I

TWO MEN fought, not knowing why they fought. Each man was so intent upon his opponent's destruction that nothing else mattered.

One man was black, the other was white. Long ago, it seemed, they had come upon each other in the jungle. Amur, the black man, had looked incredulously at this strange, white figure. Cahl, the white man, had not bothered with introductions. He had said simply that he was going to claim this land for his tribe. When Amur protested that his people already occupied the land, the white man spat on the ground, saying that his superior race would easily drive the black man's tribe away.

"Your puny weapons cannot withstand the might of our war-elephants and cavalry."

"We use weapons to hunt, not to kill. We want to live in peace; leave us alone," argued Amur.

"My people do not care about peace; they want food."

"War will devastate the land and there

will be no food for either of our peoples."

"My people will arrive in force in two days. If you do not wish to be destroyed — move!" ordered Cahl.

"But you do not understa—uh!"

The white man knocked Amur out with a rabbit-punch. Upon awakening, Amur dragged himself home. He went looking for Cahl the next day, today, and found him here, in this clearing. Now they were fighting to the death.

II

The black man, the stronger of the two, tried to twist Cahl's leg. Sweat poured from the white man's face as he pretended to scream in agony, thus causing the black man to start momentarily. This was all Cahl needed. He brought his free leg up and sent the black man sprawling with a vicious kick. As they lay on the ground, the fine, brown dust stuck to each man's skin, making the black man lighter and the white man darker. They staggered to their feet. The black man's face gleamed like pitch as he grappled with the white man. Sud-

denly Amur's eyes widened, and, for an instant, the white man was seized with the thought that they looked like two beacons on a dark night. Amur recoiled in terror as he pointed over the white man's shoulder. Cahl, suspicious, took advantage of his opponent's momentary daze to pin him to the ground. Then, Amur immobilized, Cahl looked over his shoulder to see what had frightened the black man. It was a large, mean-looking tiger. Even at this distance he could see sweat gleaming on the black and orange fur, and saliva dripping from the open mouth. The tiger glared at the two men and, for an instant, "oozed" cautiously towards them between the trees. The tiger eyed them, spat, and charged towards the clearing.

III

They got up and stumbled blindly towards a glade of trees. Instinct told each that he MUST save himself—but not how. They began to look about wildly for refuge.

"The tree!" suggested Cahl. "We'll climb the tree and—"

"No, no—don't you see that he'd sit and wait until one of us either fell out in his sleep or became too exhausted to hold on? But . . . that does give me an idea."

"What? Speak!" demanded Cahl.

"I'll climb the tree. You must stay here and be the decoy. I'll jump him as he springs at you."

"Are you crazy?? I'm liable to get—uh!"

Amur's fist connected solidly with the whiteman's jaw.

"That felt good, thought Amur as he deposited the white man's limp body at the base of the tree and began to climb.

The tiger was in the clearing now and was gathering itself for the spring at the unconscious Cahl.

As it began to spring, Amur jumped from his perch high in the tree, wondering why he should take such a risk—even as he took it. What had the white man ever done for him? Better to let him be—but it was too late now; he was in the air and just about to hit the tiger with full force.

Cahl awoke just in time to hear the loud "thump" that the tiger's body made as Amur brought it down. Surprisingly

enough, Cahl was not mad about the risk that Amur had taken. He confessed that he was really glad that Amur had hit him, for Amur's plan had worked.

They skinned the tiger and began to roast it. They began to talk and continued until it was quite dark. They only stopped to gorge themselves on the tiger's flesh; the events of the day had left them ravenous. They became almost friendly during this talk and even resolved to go before their respective chiefs and plead for peace.

"We will work together," they agreed confidently.

IV

Much later, the white man awoke to find the fire getting low. As he watched it, his mind wandered to the events of the day and to the black man. One event in particular stuck in his mind. He remembered how skillfully the black man had skinned the tiger . . .

"You do that very well, Amur," he had said.

"It is nothing; a stroke here and a slice there. That should do it," Amur had said casually.

The white man was torn from his reverie by a flash of light across the clearing. The black man! Do his eyes glow in the dark??

"It's him! No, it can't be. He wouldn't"

Finally, panic got hold of him and twisted his fears and his mind

"He's going to kill me!!!"

The glowing eyes came crashing at him from across the clearing. In a frenzy, he drew his knife and stabbed. The squat figure with the glowing eyes fell at his feet with a horrible crunching-scream. Sobbing, Cahl stabbed hysterically for what seemed like hours.

"I've got you, you black b—— . . .!"

A rough, black hand clutched his arm. Amur!

"But I thought . . ."

The black man took a torch and pointed it toward the bloody carcass at their feet. A pig. Cahl had killed a pig!

"A damned pig!"

"It's all right," consoled Amur. "You have hurt no one, and we can always eat it tomorrow. I'll skin it now."

"Please not now."

"But it will get rotten if we don't . . . Oh, all right . . . let's get some sleep."

Amur went back to bed, but could not sleep. The dead pig lying in the fire-light bothered him.

"If he did that to a pig, what's to stop him from doing the same to me?"

After a few minutes of this, the black man had convinced himself that the white man would spring upon him any minute and attempt to cut his throat

"I'd better get him before he gets me."

When he realized that he had been thinking this, he tried to put it out of his mind. The thought kept coming back, however, and soon the black man began to hate the white man again. White men were his enemies, were they not? Were not their armies marching toward his territories this very minute? He wondered why he had been foolish enough to trust this man whom he had hated so much the day before.

"Enough of this wondering! I've got to

get him before he gets me. That's what it amounts to."

He rose and stole to the white man's pallet. He was amazed to find that Cahl was even now advancing to meet him.

"I was right. White devil!" he screamed as he flashed his knife.

The white man lunged, but missed. They began to circle like animals coming in for the kill, just as they had done earlier in the day. . . . This time, however, it was different. Before, they had been strangers. But now each man had an intimate knowledge of the other, of how he would fight and move. Before, they had been fighting as soldiers do, impersonally. But now they fought as blood enemies do, fiercely and finally.

As the fires of resentment, lately dying, began to roar back to life in the hearts of the two men, and as the fire that they had built together began to flicker into blackness, the two men began to fight, not knowing why they fought.

DENDRON

*Gnarled base, deeply rooted,
Wrinkled trunk and limb,
Tortured branch, stretched out fingers,
Reach up into the sky.*

GENTLY, GENTLY . . . MOCKING

a

*Slowly turning, slowly turning,
Stiffened fingers of a clock —
What a bore to go on turning!
Don't they ever stop?*

b

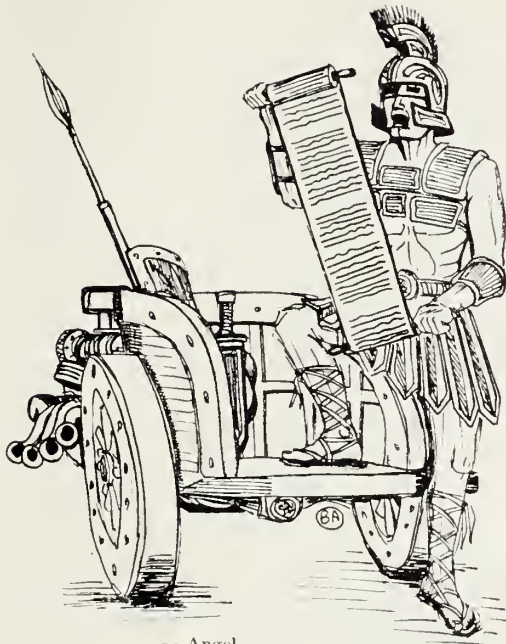
*But Time, you know goes on forever . . .
Each hand must never cease
Unwinding Day, Winding Night,
Each tugging at my peace.*

c

Ho-Hum, Hum-Ho

*So much Time, so many Hours!
One can just discount —
Yet Clock, dear Clock, beloved Clock,
Please don't stop on my account!*

John George Tsoumas, '67



EDITORIALS

THE DRAFT—A FAIR SYSTEM?

SELECTIVE SERVICE, more commonly known as the draft, was originally instituted to raise a military force whenever the regular army was insufficient for waging a war. However, since World War II, the draft has existed during supposed "peacetime". After all, argue the military leaders of the United States, how else does a country raise armed forces to deal with situations such as Korea or Vietnam? Therefore, the draft has been maintained. Nevertheless, if selective service must exist during today's "peacetime", it should be re-evaluated.

Our present form of military conscription is unfair; America's selective service is far **too** selective. Today only one out of three eligible men is being drafted. Actually we only need this rather small percentage of young men to supplement our regular army. But the manner in which this one man out of three is selected is far from just. Deferment is granted to married men, college men, college students, and the physically handicapped. Who gets drafted? Men from the lower class, men who haven't the ability or money for college, men who are not willing to get married just to avoid the army. Some people might argue that the armed forces offer men of the lower class good occupation for two years. But who's to say that a dishwasher is less occupied or important to our economic security than a student? Both have desires and aims, both are human beings. As a result of successful "draft-dodging" by other men who stay in graduate school until they are past 26, get married, or develop a physical ailment, this same dishwasher has the attitude that he was unlucky to have neither the desire or ability for college nor the lack of scruples to "draft-dodge" by getting married or causing injury to himself. He is a member of the unfortunate one-third who "get caught".

There are alternatives to the present system of selective service—alternatives which give an equal chance of being inducted to all men. One is the "lottery" proposed by Senator Edward Kennedy. Basically, in such a lottery, all physically and

mentally capable eighteen-year-olds are given a number. Their numbers are all deposited in a large container, mixed, and selected in order. A man whose number is drawn out three hundredth is the three hundredth man to be drafted. If only a few thousand men are needed that year, all men whose numbers have been picked after the three thousandth one have little chance of being inducted. Another alternative is universal conscription, in which all men between eighteen and twenty-six are drafted. Each man has his choice of how he wishes to serve his country during the two year term. Such choices include joining the army, working with the Peace Corps, or helping fight the War on Poverty. Advocates of universal conscription feel that enough men would choose the armed forces to provide enough soldiers for our "cold" wars. As in the lottery, all men would have an equal chance of being drafted; only in this case, the chance is 100%.

Perhaps the whole idea of any form of military conscription seems unfair since many young men unwillingly have to give up two years of their lives. However, until East and West realize the futility of war, and peace can really be insured, our government will continue to raise an army for defense. And either the Kennedy lottery or universal conscription would be fairer than our present selective service system.

— Scott Holmberg '67

ALUMNI SECTION

CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

THE BUS rattled over half-exposed cobblestones. Two boys silently watched warehouses and fish piers rumble past them.

"What do you think he'll be like? Betcha he's old; all rich men are old."

The other boy continued to stare at a snake of water in the gutter.

"Probably is. Anybody who's worth millions of dollars needs a lot of time to accumulate his wealth."

"Sydney Rabb, 393 D Street, South Boston," one boy read off a card. "Chairman of the Board, Stop & Shop."

"Wonder what he's like."

* * * * *

"Mr. Sydney will see you now"

The boys tread onto a thick rug while a door clicked shut behind them.

"Well, I see you've made it. A trouble getting here, as you now know."

The speaker stood in the middle of a room which hinted at the prestige he held. But the speaker himself hardly looked powerful. He was rather short and neatly dressed. He wore glasses. But the thing that would later occur to both boys was that he had the manner of a clergy-

man or a father, not that of a millionaire. His handshake was warm — like his smile and his whole bearing. Both boys sank into the luxury of cushioned seats and formalities were exchanged. . .

"Mr. Rabb, what do you as an alumnus think is the most important thing Latin School does for the individual?"

He thought for a moment. "Well, I've come to learn that the first influence upon a person is his family. Then the youngster gets away from the family and be-



Mr. Rabb and fellow judges, Mr. Hamlin '16 and Mr. Lyne '41 at Prize Declamation

gins to go to school. Religion has some influence, during his later years, but the greatest amount of time that a young man spends is at school, even more than the time he's at home. And in the adolescent years, very formative, character-building years when the youngster is beginning to question both some of the authority of parents and the mysticism of religion, he has to face the stark reality of what is expected of him. At Latin School he is forced to meet that challenge. And in meeting that challenge he develops character — the power to concentrate on a prescribed goal . . . The fact is that here one was taught in an environment that forced responsibility upon the student. Also you were in the atmosphere of great men, men like Henry Penny-packer, who, when he stood up to introduce the boys in order of their classes, was held in awe and respect by everybody. Doctor O'Leary impresses me as being capable of having the same potential. . . .

"There is a certain pride which Latin School gives. You can go to almost any part of the world and say, 'I went to Public Latin School.' People will then ask, 'Of Boston?' It's true that Harvard is known all over the world, and I suppose that people who think in terms of colleges would say that the educational institution of today in America is Harvard. But after graduation you'll find that you'll have a certain stature; that you are a Latin School graduate will help carry you into the places in which you are most interested. . . . I question telling you how privileged you are. It's like your parents telling you of some of the advantages they think you have in comparison to what they had; you have a tendency to look at them with a little bit of suspicion."

The two students suppressed that tendency and only smiled. One nervously fidgeted with a pencil, and then realizing that it wasn't his own, gently placed it back on the table.

"I suppose Latin School has changed somewhat, sir."

"The school is still pretty similar, although the building has changed. Of course, in my day, 1912-1916, all six classes were present at Prize Declamation. I only saw seniors when I was there as a judge. I understand the school is going back to monthly declamation for all boys. We had it and I think it's a

good idea. First, declamation develops the memory, which is very important. But even more important, it devolves a **savoir faire** or poise, a lack of apprehension of getting up and expressing oneself. . . .

"The boys there at Latin School today are of just as high caliber — perhaps even higher. The other judges at Prize Declamation and I were figuring it out. There is a lower percentage of the school getting through in the four years, a fact which shows that there are higher standards. Also the boys seemed to be better behaved than in my day. In 1916 we had to dress like boys at schools in England — suits, white shirts, ties. In 1966 Latin boys wear sports jackets, colored, striped, and even plaid shirts, and jazzy ties; but they were quieter at assembly than the boys of 1916. . . ."

One of the boys spoke up. "I imagine you can remember some incidents you've been through at the school. After all, you can remember little things like the fidgeting you did in assembly."

He chuckled. "Well, I do remember one thing. Patrick Campbell, later the Superintendent of Schools, taught us a good lesson in tolerance. There was a good deal of bigotry going on at the time. . . . This was the time when the Irish were beginning to move into the area; the Jewish population was smaller than it is now, and the Italian population didn't amount to much. We had three colored boys in the class. One day a crack was made about one of the colored boys and Pat Campbell heard about it. He made us all go into the showers, the Negro boys included, and asked us afterward, 'Did you find they were any different from you?' . . . In those days there wasn't the big push there is today for civil rights and equality; Patrick Campbell was quite an individual. Well, I imagine you're a bit impatient by now?"

But his interrogators had one more question: "Would you like to tell us to what you owe your success?"

"First, I don't like the word success; I often wonder just what is its definition. Frankly, I prefer to use the word achievement, because achievement means that one has set a goal for himself and then is willing to do what is necessary to obtain that goal. I think that materialism, although it's a necessary part of our capitalistic structure, cannot be the be-all and end-all of one's existence. There is

no pat formula for this thing called success. A truly successful person is one who is happy. One must make for himself a goal to attain this happiness. Although he may change it, every person needs an objective. Latin School has set higher education and leadership as an objective for its young men. I think our primary goal though as human beings is to leave an imprint upon society. The greatest thing a person leaves is his heritage. That is, what he has inculcated in his family, what he is willing to do to gain their respect, and what he has done

to make his children happy and productive are the responsibilities he has to make the society in which they live a better place. . . ."

* * * * *

Two sets of two loafers beat their way along a littered sidewalk, quite different from the plush office they had just left. Finally the owner of one set spoke up.

"You know, the thing that separates the really great people from the 'phonies' is the possession of both exceptional capability and also the 'human touch'."

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. ROGERS

conducted by Kenneth Bechis, '66

EARLY IN MARCH of this year, Mr. Ralph B. Rogers, B.L.S. '26, accompanied by his son, visited Latin School. Mr. Rogers, President of Texas Industries, a prominent manufacturer of all forms of cement and concrete, was born in Boston, but has made his home for the past sixteen years in Dallas, Texas.

Mr. Rogers did not attend college after graduating from B.L.S., but went to the Northeastern University Law School at night. His present, numerous hobbies and interests lie in the fields of education and music. He is past president, and still a member of the board of trustees, of St. Mark's School of Texas, the leading boys preparatory school west of the Mississippi. He is also a trustee of Southern Methodist University, the largest university in Dallas, and a member of the advisory council of the University of Dallas. In addition, he is President of the Dallas Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Rogers' career did not begin at the top. His first job was as an office boy running errands in a Boston real estate firm. Then, leaving Boston, he moved to Springfield, and worked there as an investigator in a finance company. His climb up the business ladder was at first slow; in his own words, "It took a considerable length of time before I was doing any administering."

Mr. Rogers had just returned from a tour of the school when we began our

interview. As we sat in Dr. O'Leary's office amid many memorabilia of the school, our conversation quickly turned to thoughts on Latin School.



— Bert Rosengarten

Register: At Boston Latin School, what interests did you have?

Mr. Rogers: Well, I was on the staff of the Latin School **Register**, and in my

final year I was the Business Manager of the **Register**. I also wrote for the **Register**; I remember the last mystery I wrote; I probably wrote it about the fourth class. And I participated in Declamation—I was on the stage here many times. I was also the President of the Debating Society, and won the gold medal in debating in my second class. I participated in just about everything, and perhaps not as much as I should have in my studies.

Register: This is kind of a loaded question, but do you feel that the so-called classical training you received at Latin School has helped you significantly in life, or were there other factors?

Mr. Rogers: Well, I have to be honest with you. I think that probably the greatest thing that ever happened to me in my life was coming to this school. It was not only what I learned—it was the mistakes that I made. I'm not talking about mistakes in the classroom, but the lessons I learned here were probably the greatest training I had for all the things that have happened since that time.

Register: So, would you perhaps say that the major influence Latin School has exerted on you through these years is discipline?

Mr. Rogers: Well, I won't say so much that it was discipline, although discipline had a great deal to do with it.

Register: I meant self-discipline.

Mr. Rogers: Well, I won't say so much that it was self-discipline, either. I think what happened here was that the Latin School helped develop a real, live curiosity and a sense of 'getting involved in things that were going on.' I think the school itself cannot help being an inspiration to people when they can look back and see what has evolved from the Latin School, and aspire to do some things that will make them feel that they really belonged here.

Register: Concerning Latin School itself, can you remember any thing or any event that is especially interesting that happened to you while you were here?

Mr. Rogers: Well, there are so many I don't suppose I'd like to single out one.

Register: Well, then, could you recall an experience or chain of incidents that had a major influence on you?

Mr. Rogers: As I said, to try to single out

one event would be very difficult. I mean, a great many of the things that made a great impression on me would not be things that you would expect. For example, the only reason that I stayed in the Latin School was because they had a IV-B class. When I came through the fifth class, I was so anxious—I was the smallest boy in the class, and I was very anxious to be with the big boys—and the result was that I didn't do my work. But they—that is, the school, and not the big boys—were nice enough to promote me from class V to IVB. Otherwise, I probably never would have graduated. It taught me a real good lesson: there was a narrow escape, and yet there was sufficient understanding to give me that other chance. The record will show that I won a Classical Prize in Class III. But suppose there had not been that lesson; I remembered that lesson, and it's meant a great deal to me later on. There are many other things of that kind that are not tied in directly with what you would call the normal curriculum of the school. But of course the greatest influences of all were the men who were here.

Register: Do you remember any particular teacher?

Mr. Rogers: Well, of course, I remember so many of them that I could sit here for a week. But, for example, there was the headmaster at that time, whom we called 'Pat' Campbell behind his back—of course never to his face. And there were many other teachers: Mr. Arnold, whom we called 'Doggy' Arnold, and 'Gunboat' Dole; and Mr. Pierce, who was the head of the History Department at that time, was a great influence on all of us. I could go on and name many others. There was Mr. Glover, whose room I was just in recently, who was one of my homeroom teachers; Charlie Fitz, who was the coach, but a very interesting coach in that he taught us English, and was a lover of poetry and music . . . There is a hard-boiled, tough coach who loves poetry and music. These things make an impression on a youngster.

Register: Could you tell us the nature of the gift which you recently presented the school?

Mr. Rogers: Well, one of the things the Boston Latin School taught me was

how to speak on my feet, and this has been probably the greatest single asset I have had. Now, of course, the Boston Latin School wasn't completely responsible for that—it was probably my father who was. My father died a few years ago, and I decided to give a scholarship in his memory, and I'm adding to it as the years go by, and I hope that someday it will be one of the most important ones in the school.

Register: This is perhaps a purely personal question, but what do you believe has been the secret of your success?

Mr. Rogers: Oh, there really isn't such a thing as a secret for success. This is one of those trite things. If you want to ask me why I think that I have done

better than you might have predicted had you been here forty years ago, I will say that I realized that a person does not have to be as smart as another person if he's willing to put in enough extra hours to make up for it. And, essentially, I've been willing to put in the extra hours, and with a tremendous amount of curiosity I've been able to educate myself day in and day out. I'm certain that that, combined with my facility and ability to use the English language, has been responsible for whatever small measure of material success I've had.

Register: Thank you very much, Mr. Rogers, for this interesting and stimulating conversation.



*When all the tinsel and bright lights
Have been taken down . . .
The hues of gaiety and happiness
Have faded into the darkness —
The weakened man extends his hand for help.*

*When the movements of people and things
Have ceased in a final, glorious moment . . .
The laughter of children and jokers
Has changed to a frown —
The timid man shrinks into a corner.*

*When the Mind of the Multitude
Has closed for infinite times . . .
The furniture in the empty room
Has crumbled into dust —
The weakened man extends his hand for help.*

*When the waxed plants and stuffed animals
Have decayed in a treeless jungle . . .
The clouds in their boundless domain
Have evaporated into a dead sea —
The man is no longer a man.*

RUINATION/IN TIME

Curtis Naihersey, '67

LORDS AND MASTERS



— Stephan Showstark

MR. PAUL CAMERON, who teaches French in room 231, was educated at Boston College. Since his graduation, he has earned his Master of Arts in Language and has participated in several summer study programs, including one which took him to Lyons, France last summer.

In addition to this rather solid, educational background, Mr. Cameron has the added advantage of being highly-regarded by most of his students. He is a man of strong opinions, but is willing to listen to any reasonable argument; thus his stimulating classroom discussions are well-known among his students.

Mr. Cameron says that the most important aspect of the Latin School is the fine educational background that it provides for the student. He says that this background is the result of Latin School's having a "collection of the finest minds in the Boston School System."

Mr. Cameron is an advocate of new but **proven** educational techniques (such as conversational French in the classroom), but he says that this new material must be combined with proven traditional materials and techniques if it is to be completely effective.

Mr. Cameron believes that the greatest problem facing the Latin School is the integration of the social and educational aspects of the school. The student must

try to combine good study habits with extra-curricular activities if he wants to get into college today, says Mr. Cameron, and "Ici git le lievre." ("Here's the problem.")

Perhaps this and other problems in the field of education may be solved in time through the efforts of men like Mr. Cameron.



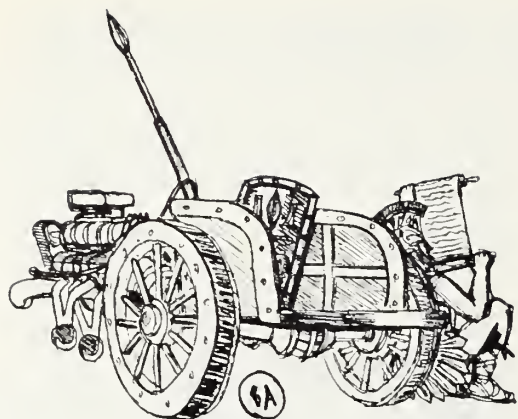
— Stephan Showstark

MR. CHARLES McCABE, (known to all BLS boys as **clavium curator**) teaches history in Room 116. He attended Cambridge Latin School and Brewster Academy in Wolfeboro, N. H. He went on to earn his A.B. in history from Michigan State University, and his Ed.M. from State College at Boston, and later attended the Boston University and Harvard University Graduate Schools of Education.

After teaching in New Hampshire and in Westwood, Mass., Mr. McCabe spent three years in England and France. His teaching experience in these nations, he tells us, was quite similar to that in our own country, since "it is true that people are the same the world over".

Mr. McCabe has been in the Boston School System for five years, three of them at B.L.S. His outside interests include ice skating, golf, tennis, boxing, the theatre, music and travel.

He describes his philosophy of education as "complete cooperation with administrative policies". To students who would succeed, Mr. McCabe advises, "If you wish to be well spoken of, learn to speak well of others".



Something of Interest

As another school year draws to a close, the **Register** has once again been given an important award: a Medalist Certificate from the Columbia Scholastic Press Association, the highest honor awarded by that organization. Congratulations and thanks are due to the Editors, the Editorial Board, the Literary and Business staffs, and especially to our Advisers, for having made the past year such a successful one for the school magazine.

Meanwhile, the Editors for the coming year were announced. They are: Scott Holmberg and Paul Jarvie, Editors-in-Chief; Jan Houston, Art; Stephen Showstark, Photography; Paul O'Neil, Sports; George Field, Something of Interest and Alumni; and William Ashforth, R.R.R.

On February 22, the "Aristocracy of the Intellect" held its annual Mid-Winter Dance at the Charterhouse in Cambridge. In the midst of the dulcet tones of the Sandelles, a well-known local group, the normally reserved B.L.S. boys and their dates lost most of their inhibitions and enjoyed the evening, later dispersing to their favorite recreational centers.

On March 2, Mr. Ralph Rogers, B.L.S. '26, visited Latin School and spoke to an assembly of Classes I and II. Mr. Rogers, President of Texas Industries and a prominent citizen of Dallas, left the boys with the words of a former Headmaster, Patrick Campbell: "Tibi faciendum est".

Mr. Jack Armstrong, State Representative from Plymouth and Assistant Minority Floor Leader of the Massachusetts House, spoke to the Key Club on March 11. Mr.

Armstrong made several remarks about the upcoming State election (a good one), the sales tax (necessary), and the general state of the legislature (good and improving).

On March 20, the B.L.S. Stage Band, led by Mr. Young, was seen on the "Youth on Parade" program over WHDH-TV.

Dr. O'Leary addressed a meeting of the Student Council on March 23. The Headmaster spoke to the boys concerning current changes in many phases of the School, and the Council's role in these changes.

A forum on the topic, "Is the Selective Service System efficacious?" was held before Class I on March 28. Steven Tursky, I, gave a brief history of Selective Service, which was followed by two affirmative arguments, delivered by Richard Clarke and Thomas Connolly, III, and two speeches supporting the negative opinion, by George Field and Paul Jarvie, II. The seniors were then permitted to ask questions, most of which dealt with the effects Selective Service regulations would have on the boys' college ambitions.

On April 1, Bob Dowd attended the annual Student Government Day at the State House. The purpose of this program is to teach young people more about the intricacies of their government. As a State Senator, Bob proposed a bill concerning compulsory education.

The Key Club held its election on April 7. New officers are: George Field, President; Laurance Callum, Vice-President;

Paul Jarvie, Secretary; and Thomas Connolly, Treasurer.

Paul Jarvie, Scott Holmberg and Stephen Trager of Class II, and Cornelius Doherty of Class III, were present at the Boston Globe High School Editors' Conference on April 13 at the Sheraton-Plaza. Otto Zausmer, back recently from a tour of Iron Curtain countries, spoke to the group on the fallacy of Communism. Mr. Zausmer, an associate editor of the Globe, declared, "The Communist empire is dead and buried as a result of the sweeping revolution in Eastern Europe."

The annual Prize Declamation was held on April 15. Winners were Richard Curtis, First Prize; Paul Schlosberg, Second; Stephen Landrigan, Third; David Bossio, Classes I and II; Christopher Moore, Classes III and IV; and Joseph Morrissey, Classes V and VI.

At the Model U.N. at Harvard on April 16, delegates from B.L.S. represented Rumania. Attending were Bob Rosenthal, I; Peter Pascarelli and Lawrence DiCara, II; and Richard Clarke and Robert Collings, III.

The Home and School Association, in co-operation with the Key Club and the National Honor Society, presented its Annual Festival of Music on April 27 in the B.L.S. auditorium. Performances were given by the Orchestra, Bands and Glee Club to a near-capacity audience, and the Scholarship Fund appears to have been greatly augmented once more by this event.

The winners of the B.L.S. Poetry Contest, announced on May 4, are: Kenneth Bechis, I, First Prize; Curtis Naihersey, II, Second Prize; and Neal Solomon, II, Third Prize. **Kudos Column.** Latin School has been well represented in the field of science recently. . . . In the City Science Fair, held April 1 and 2 in the B.L.S. cafeteria, Gerald Rubin and Sudipta Chatterjee, II, both won First Prizes; Robert Amico, I, and Martin Edelstein, III, Second Prizes; and William Mayo, II, Third Prize. The State Science Fair, which took place April 29 and 30 and May 1 in M.I.T.'s Rockwell Cage, awarded Third Prizes to Rubin and Amico, and Honorable Mention to Edelstein. . . . Christopher Moore of Class III, chosen Junior Vice President of the U.S. by the Boys' Clubs of America,

travelled to Washington on April 2. He was greeted by Vice President Humphrey and many other dignitaries. . . . The B.L.S. Debating Society has been named Champion of the Greater Boston Debating League. . . . At the Annual Convention of the New England District of Key Clubs in April, Thomas Connolly and John Rafferty, both from the B.L.S. Club, were elected District Secretary and Divisional Lieutenant-Governor, respectively. . . . Craig Yorke of Class I took part in a salute to the President of the United States, April



— Anon.

13, at Carnegie Hall in New York City. Young musicians from all parts of the country performed in the event. . . .

On May 11 and 12, Mr. Jameson and the Dramatic Club presented an adapted version of Shakespeare's **Richard II**. Outstanding jobs were done by the leading players, Richard Curtis as the King, Mark Harris as Bolingbroke, Stephen Landrigan as John of Gaunt, and Paul Schlosberg as the Duke of York. The many other talented players, the stage crew, and particularly Producer - Director - Adapter Jameson all worked selflessly to make the show the success it was.

Spotlight on Clubs: Afro-Asian. This relatively new club was formed in order to promote an understanding and appreciation of the culture of Africa and Asia. Understanding is created by such activities as the recent address to the club by

Mr. George Squibb. Mr. Squibb, a graduate student at the Harvard School of Education, described his experience as a Peace Corps engineer and teacher for two years in Guinea, Africa. His comments enabled members to understand the life, educational system, and general environment of that continent more fully. Appreciation is fostered in many ways, especially by attending events such as those sponsored by the Chinese Intercollegiate Council of Greater Boston and the Greater Boston Chinese Cultural Association. Speakers and films are employed frequently, and with such an active membership, the Afro-Asian Club cannot help meeting with continued success.

FAMOUS ALUMNI

PAUL M. MAZUR, '10, graduated from Harvard University in 1914. He served in the U.S. Army during World War I, and became a partner in the investment banking firm of Lehman Brothers in New York in 1927. Mr. Mazur is a director of Collins and Aikman Corporation, The Lehman Corporation, and the One William Street Fund. He is also a director and a member of the executive committee of Federated Department Stores, Incorporated. He is the author of several works on management and finance, the most recent of which is "The Dynamics of Economic Growth".



SPORTS

BASEBALL

Coach Steve Patten has a habit of producing winning baseball teams at B.L.S.; this year is no exception. Led by returning stars Bob Hansen, Jim Curley and Ed Laucka, the team has looked quite impressive. The experienced pitching has been effective, the hitting has been moderate, and the infield grows steadier every game.

LATIN vs. TECHNICAL

B.L.S. began its season versus perennial contender Tech at Almont Field on April 13. The temperature hovered around forty degrees, though it seemed much colder.

The field, after a week of cold, wet days, was in poor condition. The new Latin infield found their frozen hands were unable to handle simple ground balls. The rest of the tale need not be told. Tech was victorious 11-3. The team, especially pitcher Ed Laucka, was eager to meet Tech again.

LATIN vs. TRADE

On Friday, April 15, led by the four-hit pitching of junior Greg Grandfield, B.L.S. tromped Trade 11-3. Leading the attack were Jim Curley, with 2 hits and 3 RBI's, Bob Sheehan and "Gubber" Hansen,

whose third inning back to back triples scored four runs, and junior Ben Wyse, who walked three times and had a hit. Coach Patten's boys had regained their winning ways and hoped never to lose them.

LATIN vs. ST. MARK'S

For most, the April vacation is a rest period — not so for the baseball team. Games scheduled for Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday were played and won.

Annually, B.L.S. ventures to St. Mark's school in the backwoods of Southborough, Mass. April 20 was drizzly and chilling. After Dan Rea was knocked from the box in the second inning, junior Ben Wyse came in and surprised all with his amazing control, allowing only one walk in five innings. B.L.S. exploded in the fifth inning. After Bob Sheehan had walked, Bob Hansen tripled. Captain Hansen soon crossed the plate on a Tom Petruzelli single. After



— Stephan Showstark

two walks, Dave Tickner and Ben Wyse singled in runs. Latin won 7-5. Bob Hansen had three hits, and Tom Petruzelli two.

LATIN vs. B.C. HIGH

When Ed Laucka pitched against Paul Banks of B.C. High, all expected a close,

low-run game. However, the B.L.S. batsmen easily won 9-4. Latin took an early lead and kept it. Leading the Purple, Bob Hansen had three singles, and Dennis Kearney, "Y. A." Russo, Bob Sheehan, and Jim Curley had two hits apiece. Laucka struck out nine and walked only three.

LATIN vs. DORCHESTER

On April 22, led by the four-hit pitching of junior Greg Grandfield, the Purple and White defeated Dorchester 4-3. Most observers were surprised that the game was so close. Jim Curley had two hits and Bob Hansen had two RBI's. Russo also played a good game at short, and Petruzelli subbed for Ed McDonald behind the plate.

LATIN vs. TECHNICAL

April 26 was a sunny Tuesday afternoon at Cleveland Circle. Latin, hurt by the dislocated finger of Captain Bob Hansen, pitched Ed Laucka against Tech. For five innings neither Laucka nor Holidinsky, the Tech hurler, allowed a run or a hit. The top of the sixth saw a scoreless game, but two walks, two errors and two stolen bases pushed across two Tech runs; two runs on no hits. Latin was unable to score but Dave Tickner broke Holidinsky's no-hitter by doubling to right in the last of the seventh. The box scores: Tech 2-0-3; Latin 0-1-3. Laucka registered nine strikeouts and only three walks in a losing cause.

By mid-season, Latin is in the fight for the city championship. Bob Hansen is batting .600, Jim Curley .470 and Ben Wyse .400. The rest of the team has shown an eagerness to participate. With a few more fans and a little luck Coach Patten's boys could make it all the way.

On May 3, Latin played B.C. High at McConnell field which lies between the Southeast Expressway and the Atlantic Ocean. Led by the three-hit pitching of junior Ed Laucka and the slugging of Bob Hansen, the Purple "ate Eagle Meat" 6-3. Hansen, back from a strained finger, hit a long home run, which came close to reaching the expressway and also slugged a triple of almost equal length, batting in four runs. Ed McDonald, Jim Curley and flashy shortstop "Y. A." Russo also had important hits. Laucka looked strong as he struck out seven. Ben Wyse, who is on base twice as often as he is off, walked three times and was hit once.



— Stephan Showstark

Coach Patten seemed happy with the team's errorless performance.

J.V. BASEBALL

Very few students at the Latin School know that a J. V. baseball team exists; even fewer realize that it plays on the same days as the Varsity, but plays at an opposite field. Under the direction of first year Coach Leo Casey (217), the J. V. has had a very successful year. In Mid Season, they are posting a 7-1 record. Dave Gettleman, Paul Heller, Frank Frederico, and Bruce Weinstein are sophomores who have been effective pitchers. Hurlers Tom O'Neil and Mike Day show promise. Paul Dever is a sturdy and hard-working catcher who is also a fine hitter. Veterans Mike Stone, Paul Finn, Glenn Kelly and newcomer Jim MacSwain play the infield; freshmen Chris Hillis and Jim MacEachern also see action. Outfielders Dan Burton, Mike Paolini, Dave Terp and John Ryan all swing hefty bats.

TRACK

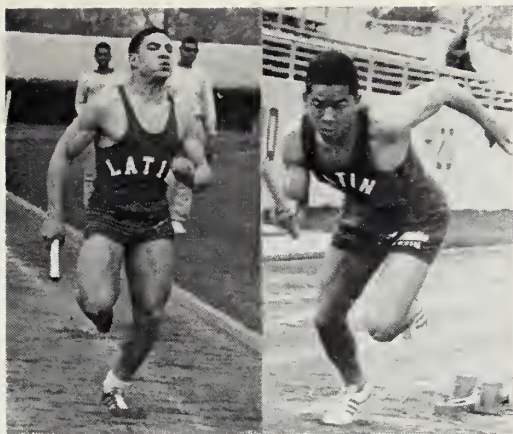
This year began with easy workouts for the rugged members of the team; Coach Fielding, dedicated to the team, desired to weed out the non-working glory seekers.

Presently the squad is made up of veteran freshmen and sophomores with a light sprinkling of upperclassmen. So far this season, the young, small-numbered team has done well. Already Latin has ventured forth and proved its worth. The first big outside meet, the state-wide St. John's Relays, proved a real test for B.L.S. Although they didn't take a place, the hard-driving participants showed real zeal and courage. Rich "Calif" Fournier and his two-mile team of Murphy, Nee and Fitzsimmons proved that track is no "sissy" sport. Our only winning team was the sprint-medley relay. In this event, senior Steve Duclos, usually a miler, ran a tremendous 440 leg that overwhelmed everyone. Both Linc Pope and Scotty Guild ran fine 220 legs. Finally, the outstanding Kenny Paige took the baton and ran a magnificent 880 leg of two minutes

and 9/10 of a second. Credit also goes to the members of the distance medley relay, Carey, Guilford, Parlon, and Snyder. Of course, no meet is complete without its field eventsmen, and ours rank as the toughest and best competitors anywhere. Javelin thrower Ed Hubner did well in his first big competition and, given another year of training, he'll be throwing 170 feet easily. Sophomore Don "Fish"



— Kenneth Gloss



— Kenneth Gloss

O'Sullivan also shows promise in this event. The discus, led by Steve John, did well with John Peterson, "Stem" Carey, and George Heos; these four young men should do well in the Reggies. Paul McSweeney, Dave Butler, Rich Peterson and Pete Bynoe are the present and future hopes of the shot-putting team. All four are well versed in all aspects of field events and can adapt to the javelin and discus with ease.

Another fine team is our 440 "C" relay of Dave Pleau, George Guilford, George Mastaby, and Carl Roland. Our other relay team of Billy Gilligan, Scotty Guild, Linc Pope and Chris Feud promises to do well this season. High-jumper "Mo" Morrissey, another late starting upperclassman, proved that seniors can be useful.

Mr. Fielding hopes that we can instill in the underclassmen a love for track. If this spirit can be instilled, Latin School will soon take top honors in this sport.

The members of the track team wish to thank Mr. Fielding for all the time and effort he has given to them this season, for without his talents, nothing could have been accomplished.

SPRING CREW

After many seasons of frustration, Coach Vara thinks this is **the** year for the Latin Crew. The first boat, thought to be the best Latin Crew in recent years, was selected after just a week of practice. This smooth stroking first boat is led by fiery coxswain Jim Dolan and is manned by the calloused veterans of many seasons: Brennan, Ferris, Gottwald, Heos,



— Stephan Showstark

Jordan, Rafferty, Shahood, and Stabers. Although the remaining boats haven't been chosen, they promise to be very strong crews of fine veterans and hard-working newcomers.

With the season fast approaching, the other crews of the City League fear that through its hard work the Latin Crew will reign as "Champ of the Charles".

GOLF TEAM

The Golf Team, under the skillful coaching of Mr. Thomas, feels that a very successful season is under way. The B.L.S. golfers are out to better their second place finish of last year with a fine veteran nucleus of Garvin, Powers, Howland, Buckley, Hardy, Rosenthal and Orenstein. Through their patience, practice, and tips from the "pro," Mr. Thomas, these boys are swinging toward the City Championship.

The team plays twice a week at either the George Wright Golf Course in Hyde Park or the Franklin Park Golf Course in Dorchester against such teams as Hyde Park, Boston English, Boston Tech and Roslindale. Each match consists of 11 holes: a point for the first five holes, a point for the last six holes, and a third point for the complete match.

It is felt that although they face strong opponents, this year's team will reign in the underrated sport of golf.

SOCCER

So far this spring the soccer team has had only one game, against the Chinese Y.M.C.A., which it won 4-1 on goals by Cheah, Quan, Fisher and Dashawitz. Coming up are games with the "Y", English, Technical, and Lynnfield.

Under the able leadership of captain Bill Brown and co-captain Al Cheah, twenty new players are being trained in the rudiments of soccer; this makes a team of 27 players, the largest at B.L.S. since 1962. Ye Olde Soccer Scribe hopes that this increased student participation will mean increased attendance at the soccer games next fall.

Although the team will lose its fine goalie, Pete Fisher, its all-scholastic center-forward, Roman Dashawitz, its co-captain Ira Jacobs, and starting halfback Tom Ferriero, the nucleus for a fine team remains. Returning lettermen are: forwards "Yea" Yee, co-captain Al Cheah, and Joe Quan, halfbacks Jim Lauterbach, Arnie Waters, and Henry "Jose" de los Rios and fullback captain Bill Brown.

The whole team expects a good season and a return to the ranks of the Massachusetts soccer powers. Wanted: a manager for the '66-'67 season. See the captain or the co-captain.

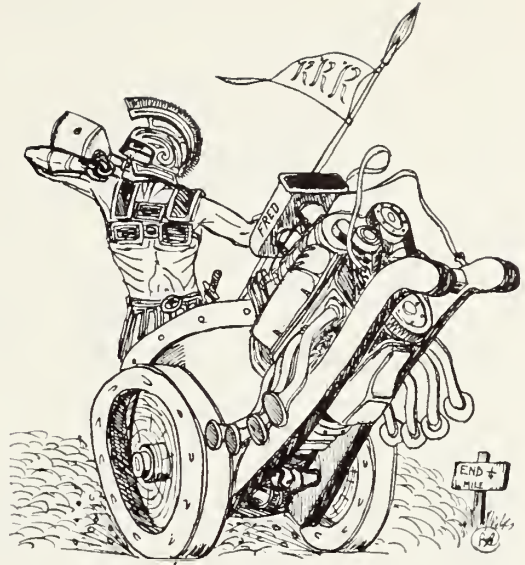
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Certain sports items, though over-

looked or unable to be printed in the previous issue, still warrant mention and therefore are included in this edition. One interesting item which was overlooked is the fact that hard working trackmen Peter Bynoe and Paul McSweeney together contributed the bulk of points gained in the Class C shotput at Technical. Also too late for last issue was the outcome of the Latin vs. Durfee game. For the first time since 1960, the Boston Latin School Basketball Team qualified for the Tech Tourney. Its opponent on March 4th was the last year's runner-up, Durfee High School of Fall River. Despite the odds against them, the Latin team was in contention throughout, receiving outstanding games from Tom Morrissey and Vin Costello. After beating a strong Latin team 58-50, Durfee went on to win both the Tech Tourney and the State championship. In addition, a special tribute must be accorded to the Victory Club. Its tireless efforts resulted in great numbers attending all Latin sports events and the great moral support given to each team. The contributions of this year's Victory Club were instrumental in the success Latin enjoyed in the field of athletic competition. With a comparable effort from next year's Victory Club, Latin will again have the support of hundreds of fans.



The Register's Raving Reporter



April 4: Today the University of Massachusetts accepted Ye R.R.R. into their Advanced Basketweaving Course, to his great joy. He's always wanted to be in a Speed Reeding Program.

April 5: Overheard in 101:

One: "Holy Moses! I can't remember the name of that prophet!"

Two: "You think you've got troubles? I still don't know what in the world 'orbis terrae' means."

April 6: After much diligent study, Ye R.R.R. has discovered that all one needs to play soccer is a smattering of brains and a dash o'wits.

April 7: A new record club has been formed which boasts a good Liszt of selections and a money-Bach guarantee.

April 9: Today we got a brand-new pen with a piggyback refill that uses blue-black oink.

April 10: Once there was a farmer who was outstanding in his field because he loved to watch the daytime cereals; other shows barley could attract his attention. Thus he stalked about the house wearing a rye grin, since all these corny shows went against his grain.

April 11: During the Dark Ages many people tried to restore law and order. Most of their attempts were feudal.

April 14: From 116:

McCave: "Loftus, why did you steal that cone?"

Loftus: "Sir, the nurse told me to take a nappe."

April 15: Three: "Frankly, I've forgotten the name of the Jewish girl who wrote a diary during World War II."

Four: "I'm really in earnest now, fellas. I just can't think of Hemingway's first name."

April 16: Overheard in 117:

Mr. Conley: "Dolan, just what is a beatnik?"

Dolan: "Would you believe Santa Claus, on the day after Christmas?"

April 19: From now on this column is being written with a new idea in writing instruments, from Fenway Park. All jokes will henceforth come from the bullpen.

April 21: Ye R.R.R. confesses that he finds Venus de Milo to be disarmingly beautiful.

April 23: Today we were introduced to a highly cultured bacteriologist.

April 29: While looking over the annals of the Chess Club, we came upon this interesting line: "Once a-pawn a time . . ."

May 1: Overheard in 219:

Master: "Dushner, ever since you saw that fortune teller last month, you've been working at a fever pitch. Why?"

Dush: "I have to hurry, sir. You see, while this month my fortune lies in Taurus, next month it will lie in Pisces."

May 2: Ye R.R.R. finds subtraction to be quite nonplussing.

May 3: In honor of the Nato discussions, the cafeteria today served Franco-American baloney.

May 7: From the A.P. History Class:
The reason that the South lost the Civil War is that it never Grant-ed its generals enough Lee-way.

May 11: Repeated electrical discharges are very revolting.

May 12: Proud sixie: "Many of our rooms have no flaws."

Southern senior: "Reahhly? What do y'all walk on?"

May 14: "Sleeping in the stalls," the master said hoarsely, "should help you to develop a stable philosophy."

"This will be a cinch," remarked a pupil, "unless you're past your prime."

May 16: Ye R.R.R. warns his readers not to trust France, a country with De-Gaulle to try anything.

May 17: Foursie: "Gee, this bandage fits like a glove!"

Senior: "It should, it's Taylor-made."

May 20: Overheard in 121:

Master: "Nebuchadnezzar, who were the ancestors of the Babylonians?"

Chad: "The Adul-tonians?"

May 23: Ye R.R.R. recently visited South America, where he noticed a strange custom among the coffee planters. Whenever Juan Valdez visited by himself, he would be given any beverage available; if there were other guests present, the host would call for Schaefer beer, since he was having more than Juan.

May 27: Overheard at the Annual Tailors' Convention:

"When he's speaking off-the-cuff, his remarks are a little unseemly; he's really quite biased."

"I agree, but when he speaks suitably, he can't be worsted."

May 30 : There goes Superfunction, off to rescue Lois Lane from an improper fraction.

May 31: In a fit of utter sadism, Ye R.R.R. today fireproofed the draft cards of an entire group of anti-Vietnam protestors.

June 2: During World War I, the German forces captured a valiant French Count, who refused to talk despite repeated threats of decapitation. When he casually remarked, "You Germans would do anything to get ahead" he was ordered executed. As the hatchet descended he screamed wildly that he would talk. Alas, too late; his head rolled noisily across the floor as the German captain realized one should never hatchet one's Counts before they chicken.

June 6: :James Bond doesn't really have a filthy mind; it's just that too many cricket games have given him wicket ideas.

June 10: We have a friend so hip that he refuses to eat a square meal.

June 13: Chumley: "Shouldn't that Elk's head be over the fireplace?"

Rumley: "You mean like so?"

Dumley: "Yes, now your hart's in the right place."

June 16: Overheard in A. P. German:

Senior: "Why did this man become a tailor simply because he wasn't a skillful cynic?"

His master's voice: "To make his remarks slightly Schneider, of course."

June 20: Ye R.R.R. will give a buck to anyone who can name for him the authoress of **The Good Earth**.

June 21: Today in music class Ye R.R.R. was told he could either be sharp or be natural, or he'd be flat, see?

June 22: On this pleasant note, Ye R.R.R. bids you farewell.

Sic follis resilit.

— Insegrevius 'LXVII

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